BY BRET HARTE.

(Concluded from last Sunday's Sun.)

CHAPTER IV. Aury Saily was making pies in the kitchen the next morning when Jeff hesitatingly stole spon her. The moment was not a felicitous

one. Pis-making was usually an aggressive pursuit with Aunt Sally, entered into severely pursuit with Aunt Saily, entered into severely, and prosecuted unto the bitter end. After watch-ing her a few moments, Jeff came up and placed his arms tender; around her. People very much in love find relief, I am told, in this vica-"Aunty."
"Well, Jeff! Thar, now-yer gittin' all

dough!" Nevertheless, the hard face relaxed a little. Something of a smile stole round her mouth, showing what she might have been be-fore theology and bitters had supplied the nataral feminine longings.

"Aunty, dear."

"You --- boy!" It was a boy's face, albeit bearded like the pard, with an extra flerceness in the mousschlos, that looked upon hers. She could not belp bestowing a grim floury kiss upon it.

"Well, what is it now?"
"Pm thinking, Aunty, it's high time you and me packed up our traps and 'shook' this yar shanty, and located somewhere else," Jeff's voice was ostentatiously cheerful, but his eyes were a little anxious. What for none?"

Jeff hastily recounted his ill-luck and the various reasons-excepting, of course, the domi-

nant one—for his resolution.
"And when do you kalkilate to go?" "If you'll look arter things here," hesitated "I reckon I'd go up along with Bill to-

morrow, and look round a bit,"
"And how long do you reckon that gal would

stay here after yar gone?"
This was a new and startling idea to Jeff. But in his humility he saw nothing in it to flatter his conceit. Rather the reverse. He colored, and then said apologetically:
"I thought that you and Jinny could get

slong without me. The butcher will pack the provisions over from the Fork." provisions over from the Fork."

erned upon Jeff with ostentatious deliberation. "Ye aint," she begnn slowly, "ez taking a man with wimmin ez your father was-that's a fact, Jeff Briggs! They used to say that no woman as he went for could get away from him. But ye don't mean to say yer think yer not good snough-such as ye are-for this snip of an old maid, ez big as a gold dollar, and as yaller?"
"Aunty," said Jeff, dropping his boyish man-

per and his color as suddenly, "I'd rather ye wouldn't talk that way of Miss Machald V. den't know her; and there's times," he added with a sigh, "ez I reckon ye don't quite know meeither. That young lady, bein' sick, likes to be looked after. Any one can do that for her. She don't mind who it is. She don't care for me except for that, and," added Jeff, humbly, "its quite natural."
"I didn't say she did." returned Aunt Sally,

viciously: "but seeing ez you've got an empty house yer on yer hands, and me a slavin' here ou jist nothin', if this gal, for the sake o' gallavantin' with ye for a spell, chooses to stay here and keep her family here, and pay high for it, I don't see why it ain't yer duty to Providence and me to take advantage of it."

Jeff raised his eyes to his aunt's face. For the

first time it struck him that she might be his father's sister and yet have no blood in her veins that answered to his. There are few shocks more startling and overpowering to original natures than this sudden sense of loneliness. Jeff could not speak, but remained look-

ing flercely at her.

Aunt Sally misinterpreted his silence, and returned to her work on the pies. "The gal ain't no fool," she continued, rolling out the crust as If she were laying down broad propositions. "She reckons on it, too, ez if it was charged in the bill with the board and lodging. Why, didn't she say to me, last night, that she kalkilated sfore she went away to bring up some friends from 'Frisco for a few days' visit? and didn't she say, in that pipin' affected v'ice o' here, loughter make some return for yer kindness and yer nephew's kindness, Aunt Sully, by showing people that can help you and keep your house full how pleasant it is up here?" e sin't no fool, with all her faintin's and wants to show ye off agin them city fellows ez she knows, and ye ain't got spunk enough to turned her head impatiently, but he was gone. If Jeff had ever wavered in his resolution he

would have been steady enough now. But he had never wavered; the conviction and resolutions of auddenly awakening character are seldom moved by expediency. He was eager to taste the bitter dregs of his cup at once. He began to pack his trunk and made his preparations for departure. Without avoiding Miss Marfield in this new excitement, he no longer felt the need of her presence. He had satisfied his feverish anxieties by placing his trunk in the hall beside his open door, and was sitting on his bed, wrestling with a faded and overlasked carpet-bag that would not close and accept his hard conditions, when a small voice from the staircase thrilled him. He walked to the corridor, and looking down, beheld Miss Mayfield midway on the steps of the staircase. She had never looked so beautiful before! Jeff had only seen her in those soft enwrappings and half dishabille that belong to invalid femininity. Always refined and modest thus, in her present walking costume, there was added a slight touch of coquettish adornment. There was a brightness of cotor in her cheek and eye, partly the result of climbing the staircase, partly the result of that audicious impulse that had led her-a modest virgin-to seek a gentleman in this personal fashion. Modesty in a young girl has a comfortable satisfying charm. recognized enally by all humanity; but he must bea sorry knave or a worse prig who is not deliciously thrilled when Modesty puts her

Propriety. The mountain would not come to Mohammed, so Mohammed must come to the mountain," said Miss Marffeld. "Mother is asleep; Aunt Sally is at work in the kitchen. and here am L aiready dressed for a ramble in this bright afternoon sunstitue, and no one to go with me. But, perhaps, you too, are busy?"

charming little foot just over the threshold of

"No, miss. I will be with you in a moment." I wish I could say that he went back to calm his pulses, which the dangerous must of Miss Mayfield's voice had set to throbbing, by a few moments' caim and dispassionate reflection But he only returned to brush his curis out of his eyes and ears, and to button over his blue flannel shirt a white linen collar which he thought might better harmonize with Miss Mav-

She was sitting on the staircase, poking her parasol through the balusters. "You need not have taken that trouble, Mr. Jeff," she said. pleasantly. " You are a part of this mountain Dicture at all times, but I am obliged to think

"It was no trouble, miss."

Something in the tones of his voice made her look in his face as she rose. It was a trifle paler, and a little older. The result, doubtless, thought Miss Mayfield, of his yesterday's experieuce with the Deputy Sheriff. Such was her rapid deduction. Nevertheless, after the fashion of her sex, she immediately began to

argue from quite another hypothesis. You are angry with me. Mr. Jeff." What, I, Miss Mayfleid?"

"Yes, you."
"Miss Mayfield."

Oh, yes you are. Don't deny it!" "Upon my soul-

Yes! You give me punishments and-pen-Ances!"

Jeff opened his blue eyes on his tormentor.

Could Aunt Saily have been saying anything?

'Hanybody, Miss Mayfield-" he began, "Nobody but you. Look here!" She extended her little hand with a smile. In

e centre of her paim lay four shining double There! I found those in my slipper this

morning!"
Jeff was speechless.

"Of course you did it! Of course it was you who found my slipper!" said Miss Mayfield, sides, it had been so bekissed that it seemed unpling. "But why did you put shot unpleasantly conscious. "I wish you would tell me all about yourself," tries when people have done wrong the priests make them do penance by walking submission of manner quite unlike her ordiwith peas in their shoes! What have I ever so much harder than peas."

Seeing only the mischievous, laughing face

before him, and the open paim containing the damning evidence of the broken Eley's cartridge, Jeff stammered out the truth.

"I found the slipper in the bearskin, Miss

Mayfield. I put it in my trunk to keep, think-ing per wouldn't miss it, and its being a kind of remembrance after you're gone away-of-of the night you came here. Samebody moved the trunk in my room," and he hung his head

here. "The things inside all got mixed up."
"And that made you change your mind about keeping it?" said Miss Mayfield, still smiling.
"No, miss."

What was it, then ?"

"I gave it back to you, Miss Mayfield, because was going away."
"Indeed! Where?"

"I'm going to find another location. Maybe you've noticed," he continued, falling back into his old apologetic manner in spite of his pride of resolution, "maybe you've noticed that this place here has no advantages for a hotel." "I had not, indeed. I have been very com-

fortable."

"Thank you, miss."

" When do you go?"
"To-night."

For all his pride and fixed purpose he could not help looking eagerly in her face. Miss May-field's eyes met his pleasantly and quietly. "I'm sorry to part with you so soon," she said as she stepped back a bace or two with

foided hands. "Of course every moment of your time now is occupied. You must not think f wasting it on me."

But Jeff had recovered his sad composure.

"I'd like to go with you. Miss Mayfield. It's the last time, you know," he added simply. Miss Mayfield did not reply. It was a tacit

assent, however, although she moved some-what stiffly at his side as they walked toward the door. Quite convinced that Jeff's resolution came from his pecuniary troubles, Miss Mayfield was wondering if she had not better assure him of his security from further annoyance from Dodd. Again-wonderful complexity of female intellect!—she was a little hurt at his ingratitude to her for a kindness he could not possibly have known. Miss Mayfield feit that in some was she was unjustly treated. How many of our miserable sex, incapable of divination, have been crushed under that un-reasonable feminine reproof—"You ought to have known!"
The afternoon sun was indeed shining bright-

ir as they stepped out before the bleak angle of the "Half-way House;" but it failed to mitigate the habitually practical austerity of the mountain breeze-a fact which Miss Mayfield ad never before noticed. The house was certainly bleak and exposed; the site by no means a poetical one. She wondered if she had not out a romance into it, and perhaps even into the man beside her, which did not belong to either. It was a moment of dangerous doubt.

"I don't know but that you're right Mr. Jeff 's she said, finally, as they faced the hill, and began the ascent together. "This pince is a little queer, and bleak, and—unattractive."

Yes, miss," said Jeff, with direct simplicity, I've always wondered what you saw in it to nake you content to stay when it would be so much prettier, and more suitable for you at the

Summit."
Miss Mayfield bit her lip, and was silent After a few moments climbing she said, almost pettishly," Where is this famous 'Sum-

Jeff stopped. They had reached the top of the hill. He pointed across an olive-green chasm to a higher level, where, basking in the declining sun clustered the long rambling out-buildings around the white blinking façade of the "Summit House." Framed in pines and hemlocks, tender with soft gray snadows, and nestling beyond a foreground of cultivated slope, it was a charming rustic picture.

Mass Mayfield's quick eye took in its details. Her quick intellect took in something else. Sine had seated herself on the road-bank, and clasping her knows between her locked fingers. she suddenly looked up at Jeff. "What possessed you to come half way up a mountain, instead of going on to the top?"

"Poverty, miss!"
Miss Mayfield flushed a little at this practical direct answer to her half-figurative question. However, she began to think that moral Aipine climbing youth might have pecuniary restricions in their high ambitions, and that the hero ot" Excelsior" might have succumbed to more powerful opposition than the wisdom of Age or the boardishments of Beauty.

"You mean that property up there is more

Yes, miss," "But you would like to live there?"

Yes." They were both silent. Miss Marfield glanced at Jeff under the corners of her lashes. He was caning against a tree absorbed in thought. Acustomed to look upon him as a pleasing picturesque object, quite fresh, original, and characteristic, she was somewhat disturbed to find nat to-day he presented certain other qualities which clearly did not agree with her preconceived ideas of his condition. He had abandoned his usual large top boots for low shoes, and she could not help noticing that his feet were small and siender, as were his hands, albeit browned by exposure. His ready color, was gone, too, and his face, pale with sorrow and experience, had a new expression. His buttoned-up cont and white collar, so unlike his usual seif, also had its suggestions—which Miss Mayfield was at first inclined to resent. Women are quick to notice and augur more or less wisely from these small details. Nevertheless

she began in quite another tone. "Do you remember your mother-Mr.-Mr.-Briggs ?" Jeff noticed the new epithet. "No, miss, she

died when I was quite young." Your lather, then ?" Jeff's eye kindled a little aggressively, "I re-

"What was he?" Miss Mayfield 2"

What we has business or profession?"_ "He-hadn't-anv!"
"Ob. I see-a gentleman of property."

Jeff hesitated, looked at Miss Mayfield hurriedly, colored, and did not reply.

And lost his property. Mr. Briggs ?"

With one of those rare impulses of an overtasked gentle nature. Jeff turned upon her alost savagely. " My father was a gambler, and shot himself at a gambling table." Miss Mayfield rose hurriedly. "I-I-beg

your pardon, Mr. Jeff." Jeff was silent. You know-you must know-that I did not

mean-

Mr. Joff !" Her little hand fluttered toward him, and lit upon his sleeve, where it was suddenly cap-tured and pressed passionately to his lips.

'I did not mean to be thoughtless or unkind," said Miss Mayfield, discreetly keeping to the point, and trying weakly to disengage her hand. "You know I wouldn't hurt your feel-

"I know, Miss Mayfield." (Another kiss.) " I was ignorant of your history."

'Yes miss." (A kiss.) And if I could do anything for you, Mr. leff"-she stopped.

It was a very trying position. Being small, she was drawn after her hand quite up to Jeff's shoulder, while he, assenting in monosyllables.

was parting the fingers, and kissing them senarntely. Reasonable discourse in this attitude was out of the question. She had recourse to strategy.

Miss Mayfield!" "You hurt my hand." Jeff dropped it instantly. Miss Mayfield put it in the pocket of her sacque for security. Be-

she went on, with a certain charming feminine submission of manner quite unlike her ordi-nary speech. "I should like to help you. Perhans I can. You know I am quite independent;

I mean—"
She paused, for Jeff's face betrayed no signs She paused, for Jeff's face betrayed no signs of sympathetic following.

"I mean I am what people call rich in my own right. I can do as I please with my own. If any of your trouble, Mr. Jeff, arises from want of money, or capital; if any consideration of that kind takes you away from your home; if I could save you that brookle and find for you perhaps a little nearer—that which you are seeking, I would be so giad to do it. You will find the world very wide, and very cold. Mr. Jeff," she continued, with a certain air of practical superiority quite natural to her, but explicable to her friends and acquaintances only as the consciousness of pecuniary independence: "and I wish you would be frank with ms. Although I am a woman, I know something of business."

"I will be frank with you, miss" said Jeff, turning a colories face upon her. "If you was

thing or business."

I will be frank with you, miss," said Jeff, turning a coloriess face upon her. If you was ex rich as the Bank of California, and could throw your money on any fancy or whim that struck you at the moment: If you feit you could bely up any man and woman in California that was willing to be bought up; and I me and my aunit were starving in the road, we wouldn't touch the money that we hadn't carned fairly, and didn't belong to us. No, selss, I ain't that sort o' man!

How much of this speech, in its brusqueness and islang, was an echo of Yuba Bill's teaching, how much of it was a part of Jeff's inward weakness. I cannot say. He saw Miss Mayfield recoil from him. It added to his bitterness that his thought, for the first time voiced, appeared to him by no means as effective or powerful as he had imagined it would be, but he could not receite from it; and there was the relief that the worst had some and was over now.

Mass Mayfield took her hand out of her pocket.

I don't think you quite understand me. Mr. Jeff, she said, quietly; and I hope I don't understand you." She walkes stiffly at his side for a low moments, but finally took the other side of the road. They had both turned, half unconstituted, half unconstituted, that and have relieved his mid, and at the next mo-

Jeff felt like all quarrel-seekers, righteous or unrighteous, the full burden of the fight. If he could have relieved his mind, and at the next moment leaped from Yuka Bill's coach, and so passed away—without a further word of explanation—all would have been well. But to wak back with this girl, whom he had just shaken off, and who must now theroughly hate him, was something he had not preconceived, in that delightful forecast of the imagination, when we determined what see stail say and do without the least consideration of what may be said or done to us in return. No quarrel preceeds exactly as we expect, people have such a way of behaving illiogically! And here was hiss Mayfield, who was clearly derelief, and who should have acted under that conviction, walking along on the other side of the road, training the splendor of her parasol in the dust like an offended goddess.

They had almost reached the house. "At what time do you go, Mr. Briggs?" asked the young laid quietly.

"At eleven to-night, by the up stage."

"I expect some friends by that stage—coming with my father."

"My aunit will take good care of them" said Jeff, a little bitterly.

"I have no doubt," responded Miss Mayfield, gravely; "but I was not thinking of that, I had hoped to introduce them to you to morrow. But I shall not be up so late to-night. And I had better say good by to you now."

"I was you good fortune, Mr. Briggs."

but presently fetthe limb langers are sown.

"I wish you good fortune. Mr. Briggs."

She made a grave little bow, and vanished no the house. But hore, I regret to say, her advitice calm also vanished. She upbraided for mother previsely for obliging her to seek he except of Mr. Briggs in her neessary exertise, and flung herself with an injured air upon he sofa. But I thought you liked this Mr. Briggs.

"But I thought you liked this Mr. Briggs.
He seems an accommodating sort of person."
"Very accommodating. Going away just as
we are expecting company!"
Going away? said Mrs. Mayfield in alarm:
surely he must be told that we expect some
preparation for our friends.
"On," said Miss Mayfield, quickly, "his sunt
will arrange that."

put down his glass-a sign of absorbing if these yar strangers I fetched?" inty will take care of them. I've Bill laid both his powerful hands on Jeff's

stole over his face. After a pause, he said again, "Give Blue Grass her head, Jeff. D—n it, she ain't Miss Mayheid?"

Jeff remy-d the muscles of his wrists, so as to throw the taumb and forelingers a trifle forward. This simple action relieved Blue Grass, alias Miss Mayheid, and made the coach steadier and less jerky. Wonderful co-relation of forces.

"Thur!" said Yuba Bill, quietly putting the ceach lamp back in its place: "you're better already. Thar's arching like six horses to draw a woman out of a man. I've knowed a case where it took eight mustangs, but it was a mulatter from New Orienns, and they are pix-n! Ye might let up a little on the Pinto' inss—he als thurmin' ye. So! Now, Jeff, take your time and take it easy, and what's all this yer about?"

our time, and take it easy, and what's all this or about?
To control six flery mustangs, and at the same ime give picturesque and affecting exposition of the suble struggles of Love and Pride, was a seriormance beyond Jeff's nowers. He had recourse to an angry statesta, which somehow esmed to him as ineffective as his previous liseourse to Miss Mayleid; he was a little incherent, and perhaps mixed his impressions with his tasts, but he nevertheless manage i to sonyer to Init some general idea of the events of the past three days.

And she sent ye off after that letter, that wasn't that, while she fixed things up with Dodd't would left furiously.

was at thur, while she fixed things up with Dodd?"
Yes," said Jeff, furiously.
Ye needn't buily the 'Pinto' colt, Jeff; he is doin 'his level best. And she snaked that 'ar ten dollars outer Dodd?"
Yes, and sent it back to me. To ME, Bill!
At such a time as this! As if I was dead broke!
In course! in course." said Bill, soothingly, yet turning his head aside to bestow a deceifful sinie upon the trees that whirled beside him,
"And ye told her ye didn't want her money?"
Yes, Bill: but it—it—it—was after she had done this."

"Yes, Bill-but it—it—was after she had done this."

"Surely? I'll take the lines now, Jeff."

He took them, Jeff relapsed into gloomy silence. The startight of that dewiese Sierran hight was bright, and, cold, and passionless. There was no moon to lead the fancy astray with its faint looilsh mysteries and suggestions; nothing but a clear, grayish blue twilight with sharply silhouetted shadows, pointed here and there with bright, large spaced, constant stars. The deep breath of the pine woods, the faint, cool, resipous spices of bay and laurel, at last brought surcease to his wounded spirit. The bessed weariness of exhausted youth stolar tenderly over him. His head medded, dropped, Yuon Bill, with a grin smile, drew him to his side, enveloped him in his blankel, and feit his head and that sink upon his own broad shounder. A few minutes later the coach drew up at the "Summit House." Yuba Bill did not dismount, an unusual and disturbing circumstance that brought the barkeep or the veranda.

"What's up, old man?"

I am. "Sworn off your reg'lat pizen?"

"What's up, old man?"
"I am."
"Sworn off your reg'lar pizen?"
"My physician," said Bill, gravely, "hez orered me dry champagne every three hours."
Nevertheless, the barkeeper lingered.
"Who is that you're dry truss in up there?"
I regret that I may not give Yuba Bill's literal
toly. It suggested a form of inquiry at once
istant, instreet, outrageous and impossible.
The barkeeper flashed a lantern upon Jeff's
tris and his drooping sylashes and mousphios. istant, indirect, outrareous and impossible.

The barkeeper flashed a lantern upon Jeff's surfs and his drooping eylashes and mousnibles.

"It's that son o' Briggs o' Tuolumne—pooty

Bill disdathed a reply.

"Flayed numself out down there, I reckon.
Left his rifle here in nawn."

"Young man," said Bill gravely.

"Old man."

"Ef you're looking for a safe investment ex.

will now ve better than forty rod whisker at two.

"Ef you're locking for a safe investment ez will pay ye better than forty-rod whiskey at two bits a ginss-jist you hang onter that ar rifle. It may make your fortin yet, or save ye from a drunkard scraye." With this ungracious pleasantry he burried his dijatory bassengers back into the coach, cracked his whip, and was again mon the road. The lights of the "Summit liouse" presently dropped here and there into the waiting shadows of the trees. Another stretch through the close set ranks of pines, another dash through the opening, another whirl and rattle by overhanging roass and the vehicle was swiftly descending. Bill put his foot on the brake, threw his reins loosely on the neeks of his cattle, and looked leisurely back. The great mountain was slowly and steadily rising between them and the valley they quitted.

atted. And atthat same moment Miss Mayfield had erept from her bed, and with a shawl around her pretty little figure, was pressing her eyes ngainst a blank window of the "Half-way House," and wondering where he was now. CHAPTER V.

CHAPTER V.

The "opening" suggested by Bill was not a fortunate one. Possibly views of business openings in the public house line taken from the tops of stage coaches are not as judicious as those taken from less exaited levels. Certain it is that the "good will" of the "Lone Star We are expecting company!"

"Going away?" said Mrs. Mayfield in alarm:
"surely he must be told that we expect some preparation for our friends."

"Oh," said Miss Mayfield, quickly, "his sunt will arrange that."

Mrs. Mayfield, habitually mystified at her damenter's moods, said no more, She, however, fulfilled her duty conscientiously by rising, it in at her feet, and having, as it were, drawn a charitable veil over her peculiarines, left her more.

At half-past ten the coach dashed up to the "Half-way House," with a flash of lights and a burst of cheery voices, Jeff, coming upon the perch, was met by by Mr. Mayfield, accompanying a lady and two gentlement evidently the guests alluded to by his danghter. Accustomed as Jeff had become to Mr. Mayfield's patronizing superiority, it seemed unbearable how, and the easy indifference of the guests to his own nersence touched him with a new bilterness. Here were her friends who were to take his place! It was a relief to grasp Yuba Bill's large hand and stand with him alone beside the bar.

"I'm ready to go with you to-night, Bill," said Jeff, after a pause.

Bell put down his glass—a sign of absorbing Bell put down his glass—a sign of absorbing selves. n as it cheeked all substition among them-res. Do what Jeff might the habits of the hity were stronger than his individuality dead ghosts of the past Campville heid their

icentry were stronger than his individuality; the lead ghosts of the past Campville held their property by invisible mortmain.

In the midst of this struggle the "Half-way House" was sold. Spite of Bill's brediction, the proceeds barely paid Jeff's debts. Aunt Sainy prevented any troublecome consideration of facture, by applying a small surplus of profit to the expenses of a journey back to her relatives in Kentucky. She wrote Jeff a letter of effectives in Struction, reminded him of the fulfilment of her worst prophesies regarding him, but legged him in her absence to ray solely upon the "Word." "For the sperit killeth," she added vaguely. Whether this referred figuratively to Jeff's busines, he did not stop to consider. He was more interested in the information that the Mayfelius had removed to the "Sommit Hotel" two days after he had left. "She allowed it was for her health's sake." continued Aunt Saily, but I recken it sancher name for one of them city fellers who jined their party and is keepin company with her new. They talk o' property and stocks and sich worldly triffes all the time, and it's easy to see their idees is set together. It's allowed at the Forks that Mr. Mayfeld paid Parker's bill for you. I said it wasn't so, fur ye'd hey told me; but if it is so, Jeff, and we didn't tell me it was for only one puppes, and that was that Mayfeld bribed yet broak off with his darter! that was why you went off so suddent, like a time in the night, and why Miss Mayfeld never let on a word about you after you left not even your name."

Jeff crushed the letter between his fingers.

ness and novel, bustling life, and to dream of a higher and nobier future with Miss Mayfleid, to teel no responsibility but that of waiting, was, I recret to say, a pleasure to him. He made no acquaintances except among the poorer people and the chibiten. He was sometimes hungry, he was always poorly chal, but these facts carried no degradation with them now. He read much, and in his way—Jeff's way—tried to improve his mind; his recent commercial experience had shown him various infelicities in his speech and accent. He learned to correct certain provincialisms. He was conscious that Miss Mayfield must have noticed them, yet his odd irrational pride kept him from ever regretting them. If they had offered a possible excuse for her treatment of him.

On one of these nights has steps chanced to lead him into a gambling saloon. The place had offered no lempation to him; his dealings with the goddess Chance had been of less active nature. Nevertheless, he placed his last five dellars on the turn of a card. He won. He won repeatedly; his gains had reached a considerable sum when flushed, excited, and absorbed, he was suddenly conscious that he had become the centre of observation at the table. Looking up, he saw that the dealer had paused, and with the cards in his motionless flugers was gazing at him with flued eyes and a white face.

Looking up, he six with the design had putsed, was gasing at him with fixed eyes and a white fines.

1. Left rose and passed hurriedly to his side. What it he matter? he asked. What it he matter? he asked. What it he matter? he will have a provided by the continued in a quick whisper, point into Jeff a winning.

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the lature, or even the present. But a voice in his ear, a flaure before his abstracted eyes, at last broke upon his reverie.

"Joff Briggs!"

Jeff mechanically took the outstretched hand of a young clerk of the Pioneer Coach Company, who had once accompanied Yuba Bill and stopped at the "Haif-way House." He endeavored to collect his thoughts; here seemed to be an opportunity to go somewhere.

"What are you doing now?" said the young man, briskly.

Nothing," said Jeff, simply.

"Oh, I see—going home!"
Home! The word stung sharply through Jeff's benumbed consciousness.

"No," he stammered, "that is.—"
"Look here, Jeff," troke in the young man, "I se got a chance for you that don't fall in a man's way every day. Wells, Fargo & Co.'s treasure messenger freen lobinson's Ferry to Mempheys has slipped out. The place is vacant. I recken I can get it for you."

"Now to night."

"When?"
"You to night."
"I'm ready."
"Come then."
In ten minutes they were in the company's

In ten minutes they were in the company's office, where its manager, a man famous in those days for his boidness and shrewdness, still ingered in the desparch of business.

The young cierk briefly but deferentially stated certain facts. A few questions and answers followed, of which Jeff heard only the words. Tucumme" and "Tuta Bhil."

Sit down, Mr. Briggs. Good night, Roberts."
The young cierk, with an encouraging smile to Jeff, bowed himself out as the manager seated himself at his desk and began to write.

You know the country pretty well between the Fork and the Summit, Mr. Briggs?" he said without looking up.

the Fork and the Summit, Mr. Briggs?" he said without looking up. d. Jeff.

"That was some months ago, wasn't it?"
"Six months," said Jeff. with a sigh.
"It's changed for the worse since your house was shutur. There's a long stretch of unsettled country infested by bad characters."

Jeff sat stient.
"Briggs."

Sir?" "The last man but one who precedes you was "Yes, sir."

"We foat sixty thousand dollars up there."

"Yes, to be a sixty thousand dollars up there."

our father was Briggs of Tuolumne?" res. sir." Jeff's head dropped, but glanc-ing styly up, he saw a pleasant smile on his questioner's face. He was still writing rapidly, but was apparently enjoying at the same time "Your father and I lest nearly sixty delars together one night, ten years we were both younger." Yes, sir." said Jeff dublously. Jut it was our own money, Jeff."

Here's your appointment," he said briefly, throwing away his pen, folding what he had written, and handing it to Jeff. It was the first time that he had looked at him since he entered. He now held out his hand, grasped Jeff's, and said "Good night!"

"Exectiv! Well!" Bill subsided into an incherent grow. After a few moments pause, he began again. "Yer ready as ye used to be with a six shooter, Jeff? Times when ye was a boy, and I uster chuck half dollars in the air fur ye to make warfs on?"

"I reckon," said Jeff, with a faint smillo.
"Thur's two p'ints on the read to be looked to. The woods beyond the backsmith's shop that uster be. The frings of alder and buckeye by the crossing below your house. P'ints where they kin fetch you without a show. Thar's two ways o'mertin' them ther. One way extenuil up and trust to luck and brag. The other way is to whip up and yell, and send the whole six kiting by like hell?" Yes," said Jeff.

jected oaths that broke from his lips. But Jeff, strange anomaly, due perhaps to youth and moonlight was wrapped in a sensuous dream of Miss Mayfield, of the scent of her dark hair as he had drawn her to his side, of the outlines of her sweet form, that had for a moment lightly touched his own—of anything, I fear, but the death he believed he was hastening to. But———3.eff, said Bill, in an unmistakable tone.

"Yes, said Jeff.
"That ar chang of buckeye on the ridge ! Ready there! (Leaning over the box, to the guards within). A responsive rustle in the coach, which now bounded forward as if instinct with life and intelligence.

within) A responsive rustle in the coach, which now bounded forward as if instinct with life and intelligence.

"Jeff." said Bill, in an odd altered voice. "Take the times a minit." Jeff took them. Bill stooped toward the boot. A peaseful moment! A peaseful outlook from the coach; the white meaning to the bidge, to noise but the steady gailon of the borses!

Then a yellow flash, breaking from the darkness of the buckeye; a crack like the snap of a white; Yuba Bill steadying himself for a moment and then dropping at Jeff's feet!

"They got me, Jeff' But—I drawed their first Jon't drop the lines! Hon't spoak! For—they—think I'm pracand you me!"
The flash had filuminated Jeff as to the danger, as to Bill's sacrifice, but, above all, and overwhelming all, to a thrilling sense of his own power and ability.

Yet he sat like a statue. Six masked figures had appeared from the very ground, clarging to the bits of the horses. The coach stopped. Two wild purposeless shots—the first and list fired by the guards—were answered by the muzdiss of six rifles pointed into the windows, and the passengers foolishly and impotently filed out into the road.

"Now Bill," said a voice, which Jeff instantly recognized as the blacksmith's, "we wont keep you long. So hand down the treasure."

The man's foot was on the wheel: in another instant lee would be beside Jeff, and discovery was certain. Jeff leaned over and unhooked the coach isamp, as if to assist him with its light. As if in turning he standed broke the immediate the kerosene, and scattered the wick and blazzas flaid over the munches of the wild pumpe forward, the coach followed twice wild pumpe forward, the coach followed twice.

and biszing fluid over the mannehes of the wheelers! The middelind animals graye one wild bunge forward, the coach followed twice its length, throwing the blacksmith under its whees, and driving the other horses toward the tank. But as the lamp brake in Jeff's right hand, his practised left hand discharged its hadden derringer at the head of the rother who had held the bit of "Blue Grass," and, throwing the useless weapon away, he laid the whip smartly on her back. She leaped forward madiy, dragging the other leaders with her, and in the next moment they were free and wildly engaging the other leaders with her, and in

A dozen shots followed them. The men were projected by the couch, but Yuba Bill grouned.

Are you hit again 7" asked Jeff, batsity. He may we

Self-production of the control of th

was flowing from a cut in his scalp, with that from the wounded horse. It was one hour yet it wasn't no job of mine, and I did my best to get "Yes," said Jeff, in a faint voice.
"Yes," said Jeff, in a faint voice.
"It mayn't be so bad" said Bill, softening:
"It mayn't be so bad wave got a vile aboard. "It mayn't be so bad" said Bill, softening;
"It mayn't be so bad" said Bill, softening;
"they know, d-n 'em, we've get a relicabeard,
eg well ex if they seed that agent gin it ye, but
they also know we're tre-pared!"

"I wasn't thinking of that, Bill: I was thinking of my father." And he told Bill of the gambling spisode at Sarramento.

"D've mean to say ye left them bounds with
a thousand dollars of yer hard-earned—"
"Gambling gains, Bill," interrupted Jeff,
quietly.

"Exactiv! Well!" Bill subsided into an
incherent grow!, After a few moments pause,

was flowing from a cut in his scalp, with that from the wounded horse. It was one hour yet to the Summit, but the road was good, the moon was bright he knew wint Rubbit could do, and it was not yet 10 o'clock.

As the white outbulldings and irregular outlines of the Summit House began to be visible, Jeff felt a singular return of his former dreamy statraction. The hour of peril, anger, and excitement, he had just passed since he had looked upon that scene. Yet it was all changed—strangely changed! What Jeff had taken for the white, wooden barne and outbusses, were greenhouses and conservatories. The Summit Hotel was a ricture on the late of the white, wooden barne and outbusses, were greenhouses and conservatories. The Summit Hotel was a ricture of the summit had been a ricture of the will have a ricture of the summit of the will be sufficient to the white, wooden barne and outbusses, were greenhouses and conservatories. The Summit Hotel was a ricture of the summit of the sole same trees, but approached through cuttivated helds, distribuge of laterers, parking the summit of the

of his projected visit did not strike Jeff as ridiculous. Your true lover is far boyond such trivialities. He accepted the rebuke meekly. He said he was sorry.

You might have known it."

"What, Miss Mavfleid?"

"That I was here, if you wished to know."

Jeff did not reply. He lowed his head and classed his burned hands together. Miss Mayfleid with the ray surfaces, saw the unit out of his head, pitled him, but went on histily, with both caseks burraing, to say, womanitke, what was then deepest in her heart:

"My brother-in-law told me your adventure; but I did not know until I entered this room that the gentleman I wished to help was one who had once rejected my assistance, who had misunderstood me and cruelly insuited me! Oh, forgive me. Mr. Briggs 1967 hai risen). I did not mean that, but Mr. Joff—Jeff, On. (She had caught his fortured hand and had wrang a movement of pain from him.) On, dear! what did I do now? But, Mr. Jeff, after what had passed, after what you were at that dreadful place, Campwille, when you were two months in Sacramento, you might—you ought to have let me know i!!"

Jeff turned. Her face, more beautiful than he had ever seen it, nive and eloquent with every thought that her woman's speech but half expressed, was very near his—so near, that under her deep me know at!"

Jeff turned. Her face me eloquent with every thought that her woman's speech but half expressed, was very near his—so near, that under her honest eyes the wretched scales fell from his own, his self-wrought shackles crumbled away, and he dropped upon his knees at her leet as she sank into the chair he had quitted. Bote her hands were grasped in his own.

Ton went away, and left, burying his face in her hands.

Jeff."

Jon't you think you were a little—just a little—mean?"

Yes.

Miss Mayfield uttered a faint sigh. He looked into her anxious cheeks and eyes, his arm stole round her; their hips met for the first time in one long, lingering kiss. Then, I fear, for the second time.

Jeff, anid Miss Mayfield, suddenly becoming

Jeff," said Miss Mayfield, suddenly becom-

practical and sweetly possessory, "you el baye your hands bound up in cotton." Yes, "said Jeff, cheerfully, And you must go instantly to bed," Jeff stared.

Because my sister will think it very late for me to be sitting up with a gentieman.

The idea that hits Mayfield was responsible to anybody was something new to Jeff. But he said hastily. I must stay and wait for Bill. He